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Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 10.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A., SEPTEMBER 11, 1884.

WHOLE NUMBER, 482.

While we May.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such
crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place,
but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave faults; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find!
We see them, for not blind
Is Love. We see them; but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just old ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers!
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light!
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go!"

"IT'S AN ILL WIND."

On a blowy, rather raw day early in March, in the year 1874, a young man of well bread bearing and stylish presence, strides with quick step along the narrow sea-wall that protects the inhabitants of St. Augustine from the overflow of the ocean through Matanzas River.

The breeze from the sea is so very stiff and brisk that it requires some delicate balancing and acrobatic feats and contortions for him to retain his foothold upon the wall.

Mr. Sedley Dutton Lathrop—as his visiting cards label him—is piqued and annoyed, and he takes malicious pleasure in butting against the wind and conquering its ugly gusts.

After a valiant struggle, he reached the fort in safety. The walk has sent a rich tinge of crimson to his cheek, and, having changed the circulation has somewhat cooled his ire.

After rambling about the fort, and listening with an incredulous smile, to the blood-curdling tales of the *cicerone* in regard to the skeletons, instruments of torture, and rusty iron cages found in a certain dungeon, Mr. Lathrop comfortably settles himself on the rampart in a retired nook and sheltered from the gale.

He has a fine view of the river and the distant white-cressed breakers. He is really uncommonly comfortable, and the surroundings are so bright and smiling and conducive to pleasant thoughts that, after a slight retrospection, he comes to the conclusion that he is the one at fault; that he has been unreasonable and disagreeable, and thinks that if the men at home knew how he had acted in a certain affair, they would vote him a "cad."

The fact is, Mr. Sedley Dutton Lathrop is somewhat in love, or, rather, very much in love, and men, when laboring under such an influence, are apt to be exciting and suspicious.

Mr. Lathrop, about a fortnight ago, traveled all the way from Philadelphia to St. Augustine for the express purpose of being near a very charming young woman with whom he is enamored; but lately the powers that be have been most provokingly against him.

Miss Esty, upon his advent at St. Augustine, was most gushingly delighted to see him, and for five or six days he lived in elysium; but then a change came and it dawned upon Seley Lathrop's mental vision that Ethel Estey was a most sad coquette.

To be sure there was some excuse for it as she was an uncommonly pretty and attractive young woman, and wore her gowns and hats with such a bewitching grace that a dozen or so of men at the hotel were as enthralled as Sedley Lathrop.

When Mr. Lathrop arrived, and Miss Esty appeared so to approve his admiration and devotion to the exclusion of all others, there was gnashing of teeth and bitter anathemas pronounced upon his devoted head by the young men in question.

But soon she seems to tire of the attention of only one man, so she throws out her lines again, and the twelve young men are soon wriggling on the hooks; then comes Mr. Lathrop's turn to gnash his teeth; but what is one against so many? He sulks and he mopes, and complains, but all to no purpose; she still continues dancing three times in succession each evening with that miserable snob, Tom Wilton.

On all sailing and driving parties she takes particular pains to snub him most unmercifully, and his life, to Sedley Lathrop, grows to be a burden and a misery; he loses faith in human nature generally, and the milk of human kindness within him is rapidly souring.

On this particular windy March day he has told Miss Esty, at the conclusion of another gentle remonstrance that he sees now clearly that they are not suited to each other, and he intends returning to Philadelphia the following day.

She looks a little startled when she hears his last words, and her underlip and eyelids quiver, but she replies that she has long been of his opinion, too, that he has done nothing but scold and annoy her, that he is horribly suspicious and jealous, and it is probably just as well that it should end now.

So, as a preliminary to the long journey home, he takes the walk on the sea-wall.

As Sedley Lathrop sits on the rampart, idly digging little stones out of the wall, and tossing them into the yawning mouth of a cannon near him, he suddenly hears a loud laugh, and coming around the projection—behind which he lounges at full length—is Ethel Esty with Mr. Wilton.

Mr. Lathrop is on his feet in an instant, and uncovering his head, returns Miss Esty's haughty recognition, with a low, grave bow.

They pass without comment, and Sedley, picking up his stick starts for his hotel with, if possible, even more bitter feelings in his heart than when he left it, all his good resolutions to apologize for his quick temper and in the future to overlook Ethel's caprices, being completely knocked in the head by the late encounter.

As he again steps upon the sea-wall he fully realizes the force of the wind; it is now pounding against his back, and it rushes him along.

He has not as much time to be angry as he would like to have, for it requires all his mental and physical powers to watch his steps and keep his hat on his head. He is seriously thinking of taking to the safer width of the road, and leaving the narrow ledge of the wall; the thought causes him to look at the former, and—he falls about ten feet; fortunately the tide is rapidly falling, and the muddy water is only about two feet in depth.

Sedley Lathrop is on his knees, with his hands buried to the wrist in the mud. There is a sharp pain—a cross between a red-hot knife slowly cutting, and an electric shock—somewhere in his right side, but he is too dazed and bewildered to locate it.

Drawing his hands out of the ooze, he attempts to stand; but his right foot will not support him, and he sinks back with a sharp cry and a very white face. His hat and stick are floating off together in pleasant companionship.

What is he to do? In front of him rises ten feet of green, slimy, barnacle-covered wall; behind him lies the river, with shadows already upon it.

There is not a boat in sight, and he is sitting in the water, chilled through and through and unable to move.

"Will nobody come?" he thinks with despair.

He knows the exact location of the tremendous pain now. It is in his ankle and is growing so intense that he feels ill and dizzy.

"What if I should faint?" he says, looking at the water about him, and measuring the depth with his hand. "It is deep enough to suffocate me."

Just at this juncture there are steps on the wall coming toward him, and he hears a sweet, musical voice, the accents of which sent a rush of crimson to his face.

He is mortified to think that she will see him in this humiliating predicament. He decides not to call; he will wait for some one else to help him.

But it is growing toward dusk, and he cannot endure the pain much longer. Involuntary he groans. The footsteps stop.

"I heard a groan, Mr. Wilton. What

can it mean? It seemed to be right here."

Then there was a horrified cry as Miss Esty discovered Mr. Lathrop sitting close to the wall, submerged in the water, all splashed with mud, looking frightfully demoralized, and with an agonized expression in his eyes as they met hers.

"Why Mr. Lathrop—Sedley—what has happened! Oh, are you hurt?—getting down on her knees and leaning over the wall to look more closely at him.

He smiled rather faintly at her, and without a word falls over, and the water quite covers his head.

Without an instant's hesitation, Mr. Wilton lowers himself over the wall, and then drops into the water.

Resting on one knee, regardless of the wetting, he holds Mr. Lathrop's head, and brushes the water from his face with his own silk handkerchief.

Poor Miss Esty is quite beside herself with horror and terror, and calls out:

"Oh, Mr. Wilton, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"Just stop the first person you see, please and ask for a boat! I will stay here."

In about half an hour a boat is rowed as near the wall as possible, and two men wading to Sedley Lathrop carry him to the boat.

There is quite an excited crowd of spectators on the wall, and a great many conjectures and opinions as to how it happened are volunteered.

* * * * *

Towards the end of the month of April St. Augustine begins to look deserted. The great rush of the Northern travel is over, and the few remaining tourists are generally people who, for various reasons, cannot get away.

On a road that leads to the fort, on a deliciously perfect day of that month, stroll two of the above-mentioned tourists—a young woman and man.

The latter leans rather heavily upon a stout walking-stick and has a most decided limp. They reach the fort and seat themselves.

"Well, this is the first time I have been here since that day," from the young man, looking archly at his companion.

"Oh, please don't speak of that, Sedley! The memory of my horror when I saw you in the water is too utterly terrible."

And Miss Esty shuddered at the recollection.

"Well, I do not know that it was such a bad thing, after all, Ethel," taking her hand and looking deep into her eyes. "I am truly grateful to that wind. It blew me from the wall, but it also blew me back to you!"

Revenge of a Rejected Woman.

A certain French marquis, prominent in affairs of State, had paid his addresses to a handsome lady under promise of marriage; and the day for the happy union had been fixed, when from some cause which he did not choose to give, he declared the match to be broken off. He would not be married.

"Well let us part friends, at all events," the fair one said. "Give me one more happy evening, and I will console myself at best I can."

To this the recreant lover assented, and in company with a few other friends, he sat down to a sumptuous feast in her saloon, and wit and jollity ruled the hour; and more than once during the progress of the feast the Marquis almost repented him of his recantation.

"Here is happiness to both of us for all the time to come!" the beautiful hostess exclaimed, at the same time lifting two brimming goblets, one of which she gave to the Marquis, keeping the other, and raising it to her own lips. He followed her lead without any hesitation, and the two goblets were drained. Within half-an-hour from that time the Marquis felt a sensation of nausea, and his lips grew pale.

Thereupon the lady sank back upon her chair with a groan, and clasped her hands over her heart.

"Dear love," she said to the Marquis, "we drank a pledge of happiness for all the time to come; but not for this life! Oh, no! False man, the story of your life is told! We will die together!—Oh! oh! oh!"

You may imagine the consternation. The Marquis was taken to one sofa, and the frantic hostess to another; then

two celebrated physicians were sent for, and as quickly as possible the work of saving was in operation; stomach-pumps and antidotes were resorted to; and, ere long, the lady appeared to revive; and she put up her hand, and begged them to desist; she thought she should do well enough.

Meantime the Marquis was in agony, willing to submit to anything that might save his life. They pumped at his stomach until they had almost pumped away his life, and were debating what next to do, when the lady burst into an uproarious fit of laughter. She laughed until the tears rolled down her pretty cheeks; and finally when the physicians were about to treat her as a lunatic, she cried out:

"Oh it is too good! It is charming! Did you think I would be such a fool as to kill myself because he would not marry me? Oh, no! But I owed him just a little—a very little revenge for his inconsistency; and thus I paid him. There was no poison in our cups."

And so the Marquis did not die, but it took him several days to recover from the effects of the stomach-pumps and emetics; and it is doubtful if he ever quite recovered from the stigma of that evening's entertainment.

Cremation in Japan.

There is one nation, now the oldest empire in the world, where cremation is an established usage, and where the government, with shrewd appreciation of the advantages of sanitary laws have of late years carefully fostered it. This is Japan, where crematories, establishments under government control are to be found in all the chief cities. In Tokio the principal place cremation is situated at Shen jo, a suburb reached through long lines of bury streets.

After an hour's drive through a lane of busy life, we came to the silent house where the dead awaited the last service of the living. It stands a little apart from the main road, a building of a single story, with an innocent looking tall chimney, and might be connected with a pottery or a small iron foundry. We were first received in the house of the manager, where tea was served in priceless porcelain cups of Kutania ware. The furnace, if so imposing a name may be used for the process so simple, stood a few paces from the house. On entering it there was nothing to be seen but what appeared to be two butter tubs resting on a few fagots of wood. There were two cavities about two inches deep and were filled with shavings. According to municipal law, no burning is to be done before half-past six in the evening. It still wanted two minutes of that time, but under the circumstances the manager thought it would be safe in anticipating the hour, and the shavings were fired.

One of the men, kneeling before the glowing flame, fanned it with a piece of wood. It caught the dry fagots, greedily licked the sides of the tubs, rose high in the air, and then, with a horrible thud the head of the barrel burst outward. Quick as thought the men seized a large piece of wood lying by in readiness and hid from sight whatever might have protruded. It is the boast of the skillful cremator that the contents of the barrel are never exposed to view. A heavy matting of wet straw is laid over the barrel before the fire is ignited. As the barrel burns away, this falls in and covers the body. Every particle of flesh is burned away, and there remains only the skeleton. The bones and teeth the relatives collect and give them sepulture.

There are three classes of cremation at this establishment. In the first class the body is burned separately, a charge being made of seven yen (\$7). In the second class the charge is only ten shillings, the difference being that two or more, according to the briskness of trade, are burned at the same time. The third class pay 1.60, the semblance of a coffin being provided by the two being dispensed with. It will be seen that, as compared with the most moderate scale of ordinary burial charges cremation is cheap. As far as I could gather, it is this that recommends itself to the class of Japanese, generally the least wealthy, who avail themselves of the resources of the establishment at Shen jo and kindred institutions.

A Successful Invention.

A prominent inventor at Washington, during the Tyler administration,

was Mr. or, as he was generally called, Colonel Samuel Colt. He was a man of fine presence, lavish in his expenditures of time and of money to accomplish any desired result, and of indomitable perseverance. His "six-shooters" had been practically tested in the war with the Seminole Indians in Florida, but a company formed for their manufacture at Paterson, N. J., became bankrupt, after having sunk a capital of \$30,000 without any beneficial results, except those gained in the further simplifying the mechanism of the arms, which were improvements on many-chambered guns and pistols manufactured in Europe a century before. Disappointed but not discouraged, Colonel Colt temporarily turned his attention to submarine batteries, which he exhibited before the President and a large concourse of officials. A large vessel was started under full sail down the Eastern Branch, opposite the navy yard. As she moved steadily on, the officers and men on board suddenly left her, and in a few moments there was an explosion which threw the doomed ship upon a hillock of water, as it were, until her keel was for an instant in view. Then the enormous bubble upon which she rested burst, and her spars and rigging were hurled into fragments, while the remaining portion of the hull pitched heavily forward and settled slowly to the bottom. "Colt's submarine battery" was a decided success.—Ben Perley Poore.

Love Among the Peaches.

AN INCIDENT IN WHICH MAY BE FOUND A REPETITION OF THE OLD STORY.

Several years ago a gentleman living in this city bought a farm near Wyoming, on the Delaware Railroad, just below Dover. He removed thither with his wife and only child, a daughter now about twenty years of age, a bright and accomplished girl. To vary the monotony of her simple rustic life she taught music in the surrounding neighborhood. With the enjoyments of her pleasant country home she seemed contented until about six months ago, when the whole course of her life underwent a change. A young man dressed like a laborer, but showing evidences of a more refined nature than his external appearances indicated, applied for and obtained work from the heroine's father. He was a well-built, pleasant-looking fellow, although not handsome, and wore a bright auburn beard. A mutual affection sprang up between the daughter of the household and the new hand. A sharp watch was kept on the maiden, but nothing occurred to arouse suspicion until about two weeks ago, when matters were rapidly brought to a crisis. In one of her usual rounds among her pupils the girl's mother was unavoidably absent. Her lover took advantage of the opportunity, proposed, was accepted and the twain went to the nearest minister, where they were made one. They returned later in the evening, confessed, and the newly made wife pleaded forgiveness. Her father became very wrath at her undutiful act, and vowed that the consequences would be on her own head. This was on the night of the great storm of June 25. The irreful father, after venting his wrath on his daughter and her husband, ejected them, with a few articles belonging to them, from his home and told them never to return. The young wife, borne down with sorrow, turned in despair to her husband, and the latter proved himself to be the true hero, as the sequel will show.

Possessed of a little money; they went to her uncle's house, where they stopped for the night. The next night, without any further parley with the indignant father-in-law, they went north on the first train and did not stop until they reached Albany, in New York State. To the astonishment of his wife he here disclosed his true position—the son of very wealthy parents and himself possessed of a competence in his own name. He had fled from home for some folly, but his parents received their new daughter-in-law with open arms. A letter of explanation was sent to her parents at Wyoming, who were overjoyed at their daughter's good fortune.—Wilmington News.

The Old Stove Story.

The late Allan Pinkerton had a company of gentlemen at his country seat, near Chicago, one cold winter day a few years ago. For an hour he took

them about his place, showing them this, that, and the other, and when at length they arrived at the house they were thoroughly chilled.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I want you to try some of this old Scotch whiskey," and his guests partook quite freely of his hospitality. Then he invited them into the library, where there was a large stove of the type known as the gas burner, apparently glowing hot, and the party seated themselves about it, holding out their benumbed hands to catch the warmth. Here they chatted for a time, when suddenly Mr. Pinkerton remarked:

"It strikes me that stove doesn't send out much heat. How do you feel?"

And each and every one replied that he felt delightfully warm, too warm in fact, and suggested that the stove door be opened. Mr. Pinkerton acted on the suggestion and, to the astonishment of his guests revealed two lighted candles resting upon a huge block of ice as the only contents.

"See, gentlemen," said he, "what a vivid imagination and a little Scotch whiskey will do."

About Macaroni.

"While macaroni is the national diet of Italy, it has become completely Americanized," said a prominent Italian restaurateur to a reporter. "Our American patronage is increasing, which shows the growing taste for our food. Excepting our pure, native wine, macaroni appears to be the most favored by our American epicures. In fact, all the English speaking people in New York are taking lovingly to this wholesome and slippery diet. Do you know how it is made? No! Well, I will tell you. Macaroni, vermicelli (or little worms), talliarini, etc., are the products of flour from the best quality of wheat. Macaroni differs from vermicelli only in size—the latter being made in smaller tubes. Both are prepared in the greatest perfection at Naples, and are the principal food of the great body of the people there. Macaroni is to the Italian what the fig and the date are to the inhabitants of the Levant, and what rice is to the Asiatic. The hard-wheat flour imported from the Black Sea is the best suited for the manufacture of macaroni. None of it ever reaches this country, except it is imported by private parties for home consumption. The flour is mixed with water, frequently washed in mountain streams, then ground in water mills, and hot water is added until it becomes dough. It is forced by pressure through a number of small holes or tubes, and then cut off at the desired length. The largest tubes are called macaroni, next vermicelli and the next fedelini. Talliarini is made pretty much on the plan, only that it is long, narrow and flat, and when served looks something like a wretched spider-web. Vermicelli means little worms, and when in soup one would come to that conclusion without knowing the literal meaning of the word. Spaghetti is another species of the same kind of food chopped into small, round sections. Italian paste, you know, is used in puddings. No, not in the 10-cent restaurants. It is those little things you see in the shape of stars, hearts, crowns and letters of the alphabet; and while eating your pudding or soup you can refresh your memory in the alphabet or study astronomy or anatomy. At Naples the preparation of macaroni and its species is best understood; nothing is used except flour and pure water, the best being made of flour of hard wheat; the most inferior, for the peasants, is made of flour of soft wheat. The macaroni used by the poor is merely boiled in water, and not often washed and ground with that great care in making the best article. The lazzaroni of our country have only one ambition—to excel each other in swallowing the longest string of macaroni without breaking it."—N.Y. Mail and Express.

A Wealthy Oil Operator.

Jonathan Steele, a wealthy oil operator, died at his residence in Oil City, Pa. Many sensational stories have been told about Steele hoarding his money and the attempts to steal it. As he was distrustful of banks he placed \$75,000 in greenbacks in a tin box and kept the box under his bed. Several masked burglars entered the room and attempted to steal it, but he succeeded in driving them off by his physical superiority. On another occasion, finding that the notes were becoming mouldy, he spread

them on the grass in his yard to dry, and while watching them a puff of wind came along and filled the air with greenbacks. It was with difficulty that he gathered them together again. It took several days to dry them all, and he and his family stood guard over them while the neighbors and people from a distance came to see a fortune spread over the grass. After this he invested all of his money in Government bonds, except \$6,000, which he placed in the Fairview Bank, which soon afterward collapsed. He leaves about \$100,000.

Fathers and Sons.

An auctioneer is now selling in Broadway to the highest bidders the great stock of a bankrupt dry goods firm; but the sum obtained from the sale, together with the other assets of the house, is likely to yield the creditors of the bankrupts only a small proportion of what is due them. Yet the house was one of the oldest in the trade in New York, and one of the most respectable and most trusted.

It was a case where sons had inherited from their fathers a splendid business and an unblemished credit. One generation built up the house from small beginnings, and gained for it a trade and a reputation which extended throughout the country; the next generation dissipated that trade in the course of comparatively few years, and brought the firm to bankruptcy and the vast stock of goods to the auction block. The fruits gathered by the fathers were thus speedily scattered by the sons. A firm which ought to have gained in power and credit by the lapse of years, dwindled instead in importance, until finally it was wiped out of existence, leaving a large proportion of its liabilities unpaid.

It is true that the house encountered very bad times this spring, and was unable to sell its paper or get it discounted at the banks; but the old firm had passed through even worse periods of business. Of late years, too, great changes have taken place in the dry goods trade, changes so radical that they have almost revolutionized the business in New York; but the house was once built up by the ability of its founders to meet all the necessities of the trade. Moreover, younger concerns have stood the strain, and now have an unimpaired credit. The failures in the dry goods trade have been comparatively few, despite the many disadvantages from which it has suffered so long. It has withstood the shock of declining prices with remarkable firmness, and other houses in the business ranking with this bankrupt concern have all along maintained and justified undiminished confidence.

The sons do not seem to have inherited along with the business the ability to manage it. They were probably brought up under the operation of circumstances very different from those their fathers had to contend with. They were surrounded with wealth, while the old people had to fight for their dollars. The younger men, very likely, played two parts—that of men of business and that of men of leisure—while the founders of the house gave their whole thought and energy to building it up, and had their greatest pride and pleasure in its success. They were not gentlemen of leisure and of elegance, but simple dry goods merchants, who looked after their affairs with the most assiduous care, and could not have been overtaken unawares by catastrophe, as their successors seem to have been.

This wide gulf of separation between the habits and aspirations of the older and younger generations is frequent in this country, and it has become broader since the rapid increase of private fortunes during the last quarter of a century. It is not improbable, therefore, that we shall hereafter see many cases where the unfitness, the negligence, and the folly of the sons bring to ruin the great house established by the industry and prudence of the fathers.

But there is compensation. Fresh blood and fresh industry will have the better chance. Already the young men who are trained to work, are taking the business prizes away from the more fastidious youth who have had a softer rearing.—New York Sun.

It is the custom of really stylish New York shop girls to carry to their fields of labor bundles of school books, in order to convey the impression that they are completing their education at some fashionable institution of learning instead of working for their daily bread.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, Sept. 11, 1884.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers. Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.55 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.28 a. m.
Market.....	1.25 p. m.
Accommodation.....	4.42 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail.....	7.03 a. m.
Accommodation.....	9.14 a. m.
Market.....	3.13 p. m.
Accommodation.....	6.41 p. m.

SUNDAY SERVICE.	
Milk.....	6.55 a. m.
Accommodation.....	6.59 p. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation.....	10.02 a. m.
Milk.....	5.53 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

The Sacrament of the Lords Supper will be administered in the Church of this village, J. H. Hendricks, pastor, on this coming Sabbath, the 14th inst. the services of the same commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

George Kunkle, a son-in-law of Mrs. John Kutz, this place died at his residence at Skippackville last Thursday, of consumption, aged about forty years. The funeral was held on Tuesday. Interment in Trinity church cemetery, this place.

Pleuro-pneumonia has broken out among the cattle of William T. Dutton, in Westtown township, Chester county, and his cows, with thirteen others, have been placed in quarantine. Last year the disease was very bad in Willistown and East Goshen townships.

A republican meeting will be held at Masonic Hall, Trappe on Saturday evening Sept. 13, 1884. W. A. Redding Esq., of Bryn Mawr, and J. P. H. Jenkins Esq., of Norristown, will address the meeting on the issues of the campaign. The Ironbridge Cornet Band will be in attendance.

Morris S. Gotschalk, formerly of Ironbridge, is now located at Cold Water, Kansas. In a letter to H. T. Hunsicker, of Ironbridge, he states that he is in good health, that his nearest post office is twelve miles, and the nearest railway station, fifty miles. He has made his second trip to the Indian Territory.

Abel Rambo, Frank Hobson, Isaac Wanner, J. Warren Royer, Nelson O. Nail and Henry G. Hunsicker, have been appointed viewers to lay out a street between Winter and High streets one between Main and Airy streets, and to widen Church street, all in the borough of Royersford, this county.

Thomas McQuay, a construction train boss on the Pennsylvania Schuylkill Valley Railroad, while alighting from a down Reading Railroad passenger train at Pottstown, Monday evening, was struck by an up train and had his leg crushed horribly. The leg was subsequently amputated.

The orrery of David Rittenhouse is on exhibition at the Centennial. It was made by him at his farm in Norristown, this county, before the Revolution, and shows all the planetary movements of the solar system. It was brought to the exhibition from the University of Pennsylvania.

The Schwenksville Item commenced its eighth year last week. The proprietor, Twin H. Bardman, states that his efforts are "smiled upon by prosperity and attended with success," and he hopes he may continue to be "smiled upon" right along. We wish the Item continued prosperity.

Mrs. Mary Humphries, aged forty-seven years, was killed on the Germantown and Norristown railroad above Shawmont, Saturday morning by the down express train. The engineer saw the woman before she was struck, and applied the brakes, but could not stop the train in time to prevent the catastrophe. The woman's body was thrown a distance of twenty-five yards.

The Hatboro Spirit, owned and edited by Dr. W. Robinson, entered volume twelve last week. Judged as a chronicler of local news it is an excellent publication. We imagine the Doctor's son, who edits the local news columns, is a bright, intelligent, diligent youth. Other features about the paper we do not admire, but if its readers are satisfied, we are, that's sure. Occasionally, the Dr. writes an interesting editorial, but our observation warrants the presumption that the Dr. would rather scissor his editorials from the N. Y. Sun than tax his brains to write them. Perhaps the Dr. is naturally tired. Long live the Spirit, —father and son.

Stock Sales.

Fair prices were had at Allebach's sale at Perkiomen Bridge, Monday. Another sale at the same place next Monday afternoon.

Cows averaged \$50 at Berntheiser's sale at Ironbridge, last Thursday. Another sale at the same place on Thursday, September 18.

Hallman & Rosenberger will sell a lot of fresh cows, springers, heifers, and shoats at the residence of S. H. Hallman, to-morrow (Friday) afternoon.

N. O. Naille will sell a lot of fresh cows at Bechtel's hotel Trappe, Thursday afternoon September 18.

Frederick Stong, a Montgomery county farmer, was arrested in Philadelphia on Saturday last, on a charge of possession of the prisoner was found forty-eight bogus five-cent coins and twenty spurious quarters. The accused claimed that he had obtained the money from Bill Cregar, a notorious counterfeiter, residing near North Wales. Stong was held in \$1,500 bail. He resides at or near Montgomery Square, and is about 70 years of age.

The cornet band tournament by the Amateur Band Association of Bucks and Montgomery counties held at the exhibition grounds on Saturday afternoon at Doylestown was attended by two thousand people. In awarding the prizes the judges stated that everything would be taken into consideration—quality, expression, time, instruments, etc., and the decision given solely upon these merits. Each band gave two selections, from which the judges awarded the first prize of \$100 to the Lansdale Cornet Band and the second prize of \$50 to the New Hope Cornet Band and made especial mention of the Chalfant Band.

Correspondence.

A Birthday Surprise.

On Sunday, August 31, the children and grand children of Mrs. Samuel Williams who resides in Upper Providence near Black Rock tunnel, gathered at the aged lady's home and spent the day in a social and profitable manner. On that day she was eighty-seven years of age and although far advanced in years, is still very active, and after recovering from her asthmatic attack at seeing so many of her children and grandchildren coming on the same day, she took it all in good part and kindly greeted us. Those living at a distance and unable to attend, sent letters of congratulation which were read to the aged grandmother. The presents were numerous and useful, among which was a magnificent ring presented by an absent daughter. The day was cool and pleasant and all spent an enjoyable time, and as the shades of evening came on, we bade each other good bye and started for home, some going to Collegeville, Royersford, Reading, the western part of the State, and Philadelphia. Four generations were represented; among them were: Daniel R. Buckwalter and family of Royersford, Samuel H. Buckwalter of Philadelphia, Newton Buckwalter and family, Royersford; A. Crawford Buckwalter and family, Daniel T. Buckwalter and family, Benj. B. Brant and family, all of Royersford. Charles V. Williams' family of West Middlesex, Mercer Co., Pa., was represented by D. W. Buckwalter and wife, of Philadelphia. John Williams' family of Reading was represented by Levan Krick and family. Frank Belman and family, and Clinton Williams, of Spring City, Charles H. Spare and family of Collegeville, and Mrs. A. L. Crawford and son, of New Castle, Pa.; Miss Phebe Moore, granddaughter of Edwin Moore of Port Kennedy, and a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Williams. This aged lady has eight children living, thirty-six grandchildren, and forty great-grandchildren.

From Our Trappe Correspondent.

This week being centennial, most of the public schools of this township will no doubt be closed the greater part of the week so that all may have an opportunity of attending the great Antiquarian Exposition, held in the Court House, Norristown.

Most of the farmers in this locality, are busily engaged in ploughing for their fall seeding. Some have nearly finished.

David Yerger is having a coat of paint put on his house, which makes it look very much better.

Dr. Bomberger gave a very interesting sermon, on "a Sunday in Glasgow" in the St. Luke's Reformed church Sunday evening last; the church was well filled. The Dr. started his discourse by describing Edinburgh a town some 40 miles from Glasgow, and then went on to show many of the manners and customs of the people. While in the midst of his discourse he declared emphatically that he heard more profanity in coming from Philadelphia in a market train than he did in all his travels.

The Lutheran Sunday School realized \$41 gain by holding its celebration in Custer's Grove, on Saturday August 30. There was sold during the day, some 180 quarts of ice cream.

A trial of the Keystone one-horse thrasher and cleaner, manufactured by Ellis Manufacturing Co., of Pottstown, will be given on the farm of Samuel Markley, about a half mile west of this place, on Saturday afternoon next.

Ezra Diener and Frank Evans of Limerick, met with an accident while driving race on Saturday evening last. While going up the turnpike they collided with the hitching post at Styer's store, throwing Mr. Diener out and bruising his legs severely. Mr. Evans horse ran away throwing him out and injuring him considerably. The horse ran for a half mile when he lost the carriage, and was not caught until he reached Royersford.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

—Let some one string a tale about the sweltering heat, showing that it was hotter forty years ago in October.

—Tough toiling in our observatory this (Tuesday) evening. Down drops the sweat and into it goes the pen and a sadly blurred page vexeth the typos.

—Thanks to Elias Fluck for a mammoth cantaloupe. If Elias don't know how to raise them we would like to know why.

—A force pump has been placed in the large cistern at the Beard House.

—John C. Weber, of Whitpain, advertises a valuable farm at public sale in another column. Read the adv.

—J. Roberts Rambo, Register of Wills, advertises the Register's Notice in another column of this paper.

—Brother Johnson, of the North Wales Record says something about stone throwing, etc. The stones that Bro. Johnson threw at Ed. Johnson of Norristown have been picked up by the editor in person. He now holds them in reserve for stray cats. What an acrobat in journalism is Johnson!

—Brother Prizer of the Conshohocken Recorder hasn't enough backbone to keep him straight over night!

—Two citizens of Geesleville went on a Coon hunt the other evening. They tracked the animal from the Beard House, across the fields to a meadow where he was captured. Satisfaction sweet—because it was hard earned—was secured and the hunters are happy! A tune on the old banjo would round off things nicely—if the Coon isn't tired.

—An enthusiastic meeting of the Upper Providence Blaine & Logan club was held at Perkiomen Bridge Monday evening. In spite of the hot weather the boys are endeavoring to make things hum.

—Governor Pattison paid a flying and unexpected visit to the Norristown Insane Asylum last Thursday.

—The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery county has property in the county insured to the amount of \$12,000,000.

—Never startle a girl who is in love. It's dangerous to frighten people who have affections of the heart.

—Edward D. Johnson, of Norristown, candidate for the nomination of Register on the republican ticket, was in town last Thursday.

—The Limerick snake yarn still has charms for Brother Saylor, of the Pottstown Chronicle.

—H. T. Hunsicker & Bro., of Ironbridge, received on Tuesday two carloads of M. L. Shoemaker & Co's "Swift-Sure" Phosphate.

OUR NORRISTOWN LETTER

NORRISTOWN, Sept. 1, 1884

Centennial! Centennial! Everybody here is full of it. Ever since last Thursday the tents have been erected in the court house yard and the rooms in the court house have been ready for the reception of the centennial exhibits which since then have been constantly arriving. The Court Room has been tastefully arranged and here behind glass sashes are placed on exhibition many relics of rare antiquity and of the highest value. Almost the first sight that will meet your eye as you pass in a dummy dressed in the habit of a lady of the "first quality" many years ago. As you pass around you will find numerous rich and unique articles of apparel, representing many of the styles in vogue since the Revolution to the present day. On every hand you will see collections of china ware and valuable plate, all of great age. At the end opposite the entrance is the orrery manufactured by David Rittenhouse and now owned by the Princeton University, along side there are several Rittenhouse clocks. With the other things mentioned will be noticed the collections of paper money, coins and minerals. Occupying a prominent place to the right is the space reserved for the "Markley Freund-chaff." Here are displayed relics of this old and honored family, which to-day can boast of having as its most prominent representative the President Judge of Montgomery county, the Hon. Benjamin Markley Boyer. Your correspondent takes great pride in the fact that some of his own ancestors were of this honorable family.

Before passing out to the left you will see the "balky" horse made up entirely of implements used in warfare, and most of which, I understand, were captured while fighting with the 'Rebs' in the late war. Going out the first door to your left you will pass up stairs and pay a visit to the Book Rooms and Art Gallery. With several others I spent the day in arranging the books and therefore can certify that there is both a choice and a rare collection of them. There is a particularly fine array of German Bibles. Also many prayer and hymn books and several manuscript (German script) books of sermons. Upper Providence has in her collection one of the most valuable books, the German Bible used by Rev. Henry M. Muhlenberg in the old Lutheran church now standing at Trappe. Passing into the second book room you will see the curiosities of Abraham H. Cassel and George Wanger, besides many books and things of interest exhibited by others.

Opposite the book rooms is the Art Gallery and here is certainly a magnificent display of paintings, drawings and photographs. Here are pictures of Montgomery county's most eminent men and most celebrated places. With these are placed the works of her best and most talented artists. I will not attempt to describe any of the pictures you must see them and expatiate upon their beauties yourselves. I must however, notice the excellent photographs of

the "Bench and Bar of Montgomery County" executed by Mr. George A. Lenzi, of Norristown.

Leaving the Art Gallery and retracing your steps you reach the main exhibition room, turning to the left and passing out the back door, you reach the tents. Here are displayed many articles of considerable bulk and of little comparative value, but yet of great antiquity and rich reminiscences. Here are seen some of agricultural implements used by the farmers hundred years ago. Probably the first thing that will strike your eye is the old fashioned mantel-piece and fire-place with its iron grate and brass fenders. Several of the celebrated "one boss chaises," are also on exhibition. Here and there are relics of Indian warfare and the weapons used by our ancestors. But it is impossible to give you an adequate idea of the exhibits. I hope you will come to see them yourselves, and if you do so, I feel sure you will not regret it. LEE.

ORIGINAL CENTENNIAL POEM.

READ AT NORRISTOWN, SEPTEMBER 10, '84
BY GEORGE N. CORSON, ESQ.

Backward through the tide of time we gaze
This morning upon the dawning days
Of our town and county, to thank God
That our transatlantic fathers trod
These bosky shores, to establish homes
In the valleys where the Schuylkill
roams,
The Perkiomen and the Skippack sweep,
Gulf and Valley Creeks their vigils keep
In the deep gulch and the deeper gorge
Of the sacred shades of Valley Forge!
Where Wissalickon winding invites
True lovers to scenes of rare delights,
Where Mingo, Macoby and the Spack,
Manatawny and the Pennypack,
The Swamp creek and the Tacony travel
On silver beds of sand and gravel;
Where the Sanatoga springs to sink
In the Schuylkill with the Arrowmink;
And where Stony Creek comes romping
ing down
A life preserver to Norristown.

Our fathers surely were wiser men
Than we are, for they were nearer Penn,
And not afraid to make a nation,
Found a State, or excite creation
With a creed engrossed upon a scroll
That gave liberty to man and soul;
To carve a county from an old one,
Build a Boro', aye and a bold one
From a village straggling up and down
Make a county seat of Norristown.
Our people now, more is the pity,
Afraid to make the town a city,
Would waddle back, for fear of taxes,
To tomahawks and battle axes.
We are proud of our Sires, those great
men
Who made the new Republic just when
The King was strongest and his power
Felt in every clime, and every hour
There was somewhere the gleam of the
sun
Ne'er setting on realms he ruled upon!
But are prouder far, if this can be,
Of our fathers born this side the sea,
Who fled not from oppression, but here
Their own Sires' memories to revere,
Their fame extend and their will obey,
Just one hundred years ago to-day
Carved a county below and above
Out of the loins of Brotherly Love!
And such a county from such a race!
By the chance of birth with Heaven's
grace
We sons enjoy these vales and rivers.
So blest by gift and by the givers;
A double heritage more precious
Than crowns and powers to Princes
specious.
For here is freedom, and here each man
May contemplate the Creator's plan,
Worship under his own vine and tree,
Write, vote, speak and think and still
be free!

One hundred thousand people make this
A county, to-day where plenty is!
Where fruitful fields and exhaustless
mines,
Factories and schools and fruits and
vines,
The purest water and richest ground
And all things we need on earth abound.
If we have no seas, no lakes, no ocean,
Neither have we wrecks or commotion
Of the tornadoes! We need no dykes
Nor levees to bar the tide that strikes
The rock-ribbed and shaded banks and
shores
Of each beautiful streamlet that pours
Into the vast Sea inviolate
The waters from lands they irrigate!
Content with wheat, corn, rye and
grasses,
Good men and women, boys and lassies,
With products for the proudest table
And horses for the richest stable,
With farms far famed, well tilled, prolific,
Homes of plenty and more pacific,
We grow and live on these hills and
plains
Well satisfied with our modest gains;
With our mines of iron, marble, lime,
With fruitage and food of every clime,
With all birds, fowls, fishes, sheep and
kine,
And Porcine Mastodons just as fine;
And bless the parents that gave us birth
On this favored spot of Mother earth,
Where schools are free, and the air
serene;
Where summer's harvest and winter's
sheen
Fill the garner and bless the yeomen
Along the Schuylkill and the Perkiomen
And through all the bounds of the
bounty
Bestowed by Montgomery county.

The changes wrought the century past,
Not all for good, or destined to last,
Have yet been smaller it is believed
In what is lost than in that achieved.
Tho' magnified by the common mind
These changes have left their mark be-
hind.

The stage-coach has given way to cars
Now pulled by engines on iron bars,
And in the canals and on the seas,
Boats pushed by steam ply with cel-
like ease,
As moved by the unseen hand that
rules,
And usurp the place of sails and mules,
It would have made our forefathers
laugh
To have seen the talking telegraph,

And would have transformed their flesh
to stone
To have heard that laugh by Telephone.
And surely they would have fled the
land
And left to the Indians, contraband,
Their plows and yokes and scythes and
sickles
Could they have seen how the bicycles,
Made of Spinning Wheels turned up-
side down,
Are ridden by men through Norristown!
Poor Spinning Wheels, pig-yokes, grain
cradles,
Flax brakes, drag rakes and wooden-
laddles
Where are you? Oh, Dames and Men
of yore
Down the corridors of time, before,
Could you have cast prophetic glances
You would have leaped at these ad-
vances!
To have seen us spinning and weaving,
Plowing, and harvesting and sheaving,
Threshing, milling, printing and preach-
ing,
Aye, it is true, preaching and teaching,
Do our washing, and churning of cream
And e'en hatching out chickens, if
steam!
But, our crops, our eggs, our clothes,
our fur,
Are not better than our fathers' were;
Their houses were just as large and fine
And stronger with oak than ours' with
pine.
Their coats and jackets of sterner stuff
Than our shoddy, with half wool
enough,
Made on Modern Machines for sewing
Pretty seams, that part with our grow-
ing
The ancients—says St. John—had a coat
Without seam and woven to the throat,
But this priceless suit has gone beneath,
With the harrows of the wooden teeth.
So, we lose in clothes, in iron gain,
Make progress here with the hand and
brain.
And there in more ancient honored parts
Pine with Philips over the Lost Arts.
In the wars of "twelve" and "forty-eight"
As in the Rebellion born of hate,
In eighteen hundred and sixty-one;
Our men in valor were ne'er outdone,
But on all the fields famed in story
Won laurels for their deeds of glory,
Were true to man and State and Nation
True to that cause of toleration,
Broad based in every institution
By our laws and the Constitution.

Pennsylvania! We praise thee, because
Thou art mother of peace, equal laws,
Justice, equality among men,
Freedom of conscience from denizen
Or dynasty, priest, Pope or preacher;
Mother of love to every creature
To which creation has given life
And bidding place in this world of strife;
Mother of pure charity, and truth,
Of wisdom to eldest age and youth;
And through thee, thou gracious parent
State,
Two hundred years have enhanced the
fate
Of millions of our race and nation:
A century of growth and station,
Prosperity, happiness, renown,
To our county and our county town,
And on the escutcheon of the world,
Thou hast to man everywhere unfurled
Those VAST WORKS OF HERO, immortal
hence,
Virtue, Liberty, Independence!

A Chapter on Bathing.
Although Bathing is a practice of many centuries,
sanctioned by many nations, and con-
demned by none, yet it is generally neglected by
the average of American people. The ancient
Greeks and Romans held public baths which cost
thousands of dollars, the athletes whose phys-
ical powers were a marvel to all the world made
frequent use of those baths. The ancients most
noted for science and the arts, had baths con-
nected with their public libraries. If the people
would use more baths and less drugs, and give
proper attention to sanitary habits in general,
thus combining the Greek Roman muscle with
the American intellect we would soon have a
nobility of manhood as yet unknown. We need
a reformation by the masses who seem to over-
look the fact that filth breeds disease, and that
"cleanliness is next to godliness." The beauty
and comfort of bathing can not be over es-
timated when we take into consideration the fact
that on the surface of an average size person
there are seven millions of pores—all channels
of intercourse through which life giving and life
destroying atoms are constantly passing—what a
wonderful power they have in giving thrift and
force to healthy functions, and in combating al-
most every known disease. Bathing is one of
the best, the very best and safest of all remedies.
It alone cures many diseases besides enhancing
and often doubling the effects of drugs and
other remedies. It has been neglected hereto-
fore only for want of the means of appliance,
which is now so easily and cheaply obtained.
Knowlton's Universal Bath for which A. C. Lan-
des, Yerkas, Pa., has secured the agency, is
meeting the wants of the people in particular.
It is more than a substitute for a full set of all
other portable baths in use. The fact should
not be overlooked that as a rule, in any house,
there is at all times some one room which can be
spared from other purposes long enough for one
to take a bath in; hence, with this Bath which
takes so little water and is so easily manipulated
a special bath room seems unnecessary. In re-
sult it is both bath and room, and it is as-
serted, without fear of contradiction, that for
bathing purposes, whether in a bath room or
elsewhere, there is no metallic vessel that can
compare with it. To say the least we are con-
fident it furnishes better conveniences for bathing
purposes than can be obtained by anything else
in use, not excepting the well-lit bath room
which costs ten times as much.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, at the Residence of Samuel H. Hallman, in Upper Providence, on road leading from Collegeville to Phoenixville, 45 miles, Fresh Cows and Springers, 25 Heifers, 75 Fat Sheep, lot of Shoats. This stock was carefully selected in Virginia. Also will be sold 3 skeleton wagons. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by J. G. FETTEROLF, auct.

LARGE SALE OF STOCK!
Will be sold at Public Sale on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, at the Residence of Samuel H. Hallman, in Upper Providence, on road leading from Collegeville to Phoenixville, 45 miles, Fresh Cows and Springers, 25 Heifers, 75 Fat Sheep, lot of Shoats. This stock was carefully selected in Virginia. Also will be sold 3 skeleton wagons. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by J. G. FETTEROLF, auct.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS!
Will be sold at Public Sale, on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1884, at Reid's Hotel, Rahm Station, 30 Head of Fresh Cows. The majority of them are fresh, the balance springers, and these cows cannot fail to give entire sat- isfaction to purchasers, as the subscriber ex- erted a great deal of care in selecting them. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. INGRAM, auct. I. H. JOHNSON, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS!
Will be sold at Public Sale, on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1884, at Bechtel's Hotel, Trappe, 20 Head of Fresh Cows from Lancaster county. These cows are of extra heavy build, fine buggers and excellent milkers, and are a very good lot in every respect. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by NELSON O. NAILLE, auct. JOHN H. CASSEBERRY, clerk.

PROPOSALS FOR OCTOBER, 1884.

The Directors of the Poor and House of Em- ployment of Montgomery county invite sealed proposals for the following articles at the above named Almshouse on MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1884:
6 pieces Scotch diagonal,
6 pieces appleton a muslin, 1 yd. wide,
2 pieces cotton flannel for coat lining,
1 piece gray flannel,
6 dozen women's hose,
6 dozen men's black hats, size 7 to 7 3/4,
4 dozen men's caps, size 7 to 7 3/4,
400 lbs. smoking tobacco, 1/10 packages,
50 lbs. chewing tobacco,
75 lbs. coffee, unroasted,
30 lbs. black pepper, strictly pure,
150 lbs. Hemlock sole leather, 19 to 23 lbs. per side,
6 sizes of upper leather, (not very heavy),
3 sides of kip,
3 sides of string leather,
1 box tea,
1 gross clay pipes,
1 bbl. a sugar,
2 bbl. b or c sugar,
2 bbl. rice,
3 bbl. sugar house molasses,
2 bbl. Syrup.
1 boat load of good, hard coal, 1/2 egg and 1/2 stove, to be land at outside of Almshouse wharf, free of freight, on or before October 20, 1884. The coal to be of good quality, the mine to be designated by the party or parties putting in proposals.
One car load of steers (good grade) ranging in weight from 1000 to 1500 pounds. All cattle weighing less than 1000 pounds will be rejected. The cattle to be delivered on or before October 27, 1884, and will be inspected by the Directors before the delivery of the same, cattle to be weighed on almshouse scales.
Samples of goods required. All goods to be delivered at Almshouse or either of the depots at Phoenixville free of freight.
JOHN O. CLEMENS,
DANIEL SHULER,
HENRY S. LOWERY,
Directors,
ATTEST: DAVID H. ROSS, Clerk.

North Wales Academy SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.

THE FIRST TERM OF THE FIFTEENTH YEAR WILL OPEN
Monday, September 8, 1884.

Thorough Preparation for College, Business, or Teaching. Teachers of experience, and all of whom are graduates. Moderate terms. Send for our new catalogues.

S. U. BRUNER, Principal.

D. R. B. PLACE,

DENTIST!

36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House) NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.

POLITICAL CARDS.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
J. Roberts Rambo,
of Norristown. Subject to Republican rules.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
Edward Schall,
of Norristown. Subject to Democratic rules.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
Albert Helfenstein,
of Norristown. Subject to Democratic rules.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
John M'Lean,
of Norristown. Subject to Democratic rules.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS,
Aaron Weikel,
of Lower Providence Township. Subject to Republican rules.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
Edward D. Johnson,
of Norristown. Subject to Republican rules.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
I. W. Wampole,
of North Wales. Subject to Republican rules.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS,
Benjamin Thomas,
of Bridgeport. Subject to Republican rules.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
Wm. D. Heebner,
of Lansdale. Subject to Republican rules.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN,
John A. Vanderslice,
of Upper Providence, Lower District. Subject to Republican rules.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
James Burnett,
of Whitmarsh. Subject to Republican rules.

COAL! COAL! COAL!
Delivered, if you wish.
F. W. Wetherill,
ARCOLA MILLS.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS!
Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1884, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, ONE CAR Load of Fresh Cows with calves, direct from York county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m. Conditions by H. H. ALLEBACH, auct. J. G. FETTEROLF, auct.

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400 lbs. smoking tobacco, 1/10 packages,
50 lbs. chewing tobacco,
75 lbs. coffee, unroasted,
30 lbs. black pepper, strictly pure,
150 lbs. Hemlock sole leather, 19 to 23 lbs. per side,
6 sizes of upper leather, (not very heavy),
3 sides of kip,
3 sides of string leather,
1 box tea,
1 gross clay pipes,
1 bbl. a sugar,
2 bbl. b or c sugar,
2 bbl. rice,
3 bbl. sugar house molasses,
2 bbl. Syrup.
1 boat load of good, hard coal, 1/2 egg and 1/2 stove, to be land at outside of Almshouse wharf, free of freight, on or before October 20, 1884. The coal to be of good quality, the mine to be designated by the party or parties putting in proposals.
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Samples of goods required. All goods to

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA.
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Estimates made for work and contracts taken. All work promptly done in a satisfactory manner. 450-476

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Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

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Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

SUNDAY PAPERS.
The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HENRY YOST,
News Agent,
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W. H. RINGLER,
Practical Horse Shoer,
One mile east of TRAPPE, Pa. All kinds of blacksmith work done in a satisfactory manner.

M. N. BARNDT,
Rahn Station, Ironbridge P. O. Pa.
Is prepared to sharpen Mill Picks and facing hammers, and all kinds of edge tools. Always on hand new mill picks and facing hammers. Mowing machines and Sewing machines repaired. Lowest cash prices. 461-487.

COAL!
I am prepared to sell at my Fertilizing Works, near Limerick Station, First-class Coal from 25 to 50 cents less per ton gross weight, than it can be bought elsewhere, and I am prepared to deliver the same, if required.

JACOB TRINLEY,
MRS. E. D. LACHMAN,
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Attends to laying out the dead, and shroud-making, as usual.

THE POPULAR
DINING ROOMS,
Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown.

HARRY B. LONG, Proprietor,
Is the place to go to get anything you may desire in the eating line, prepared in the best style, at moderate cost. Fresh Oysters, the largest and best in town, done up in every style. Remember the place and favor it with your patronage when in town.

Agriculture and Science.

WOOD ASHES IN THE ORCHARD.

Among the most common and most valuable of special manures I place wood ashes. The amount of ash and its relative composition vary with the kind and part of vegetable burned, but we may safely take the ash of the body of a beech tree as represented the average composition of wood ashes. One bushel of ashes represents about 2 1/2 tons of dry body wood. Wood ashes contain all the required elements of plant nutrition except nitrogen. One hundred pounds of wood ashes contain sixteen pounds of potash, worth eighty cents; 3 1/2 pounds of soda, worth two cents; sixty-seven pound of lime and magnesia, worth eight cents, and 5 1/2 pounds of phosphoric acid, worth twenty-six cents. If we had to buy in market in the cheapest form the manurial materials contained in 100 pounds of ashes, the cost would be \$1.16. Can you afford to throw away such valuable materials, or sell them for sixpence a bushel to the soap boiler? No argument is needed; here is the value and there is the selling price. Draw your own conclusions.

Even when the ashes have been leached to the last degree, till every soluble thing has been washed away, they still have value, for the phosphate and carbonate of lime and magnesia remain, and they are worth thirty-four cents for 100 pounds, or \$6.80 a ton. The market gardeners of Long Island know their value, and sent ships 1,000 miles to bring the ashery heaps of Maine, even when they had to draw the ashes five miles before reaching the ships. But I will not consume your time to tell you how they do things down East, but I will give you my experience with leached ashes in Eaton county.

More than thirty years ago I settled in Vermontville and bought a lot for my home, or, as I expressed it to my wife, "I fenced in 2 1/2 acres of paradise." The soil was a stiff boulder clay, and had been exhausted by a rotation consisting of wheat stubble and wheat. Here I planted every fruit-bearing tree and shrub of superior value, and in the selections of fruit "I withheld not my heart from any joy." I kept a cow and three horses, for in the thinly-settled country horseflesh had to bear the brunt of hard work. I had plenty of stable manure, and used it freely. But I soon found that excess of stable manure gave my pear trees the fire blight, made my apples run to water sprouts and suckers and my grapes ran wild in wild wood.

I then turned my attention to a heap of leached ashes near by, and had seventy-five to eighty tons of these ashes scattered over my field. No more fire blight or water sprouts, but golden fruit in bountiful supply. Like my ever-so-great-grandfather, Adam, I left my paradise, which passed through several hands, and at last came into the possession of Mrs. B., in exchange for a 160-acre farm. Her son told me that she received more money from the sale of fruit from that 2 1/2-acre lot, than she received from the 160-acre farm. The soil has not forgotten that liberal dressing of leached ashes applied more than twenty-five years ago.—Prof. Kedzie, of Michigan Agricultural College.

SOWING GRASS IN THE FALL.

Where the work can be properly done and the season is favorable, the Fall is the best time to sow grass seed all other things being considered. But the season should be such that the work can be done in a proper manner and at the right time. Unless this can be done, it is best to wait until it can be done. To sow grass seed carelessly and only receive a partial stand is worse than not sowing it at all, as you are out that much expense of time and seed for nothing.

The soil should be thoroughly prepared as early as the work can be done ahead. Plow deep and thorough; take pains to do it well. Remember that if you succeed in obtaining a good stand of grass, and then take reasonable care of it, the field will be a profitable one for a number of years; so that you can well afford to have the work well done, whereas if you fail to receive a good stand, about the only safe way would be to plow up and try again. Harrow well, get the soil in as fine a condition as possible. Grass seed is small and delicate and needs only a slight covering to induce it to germinate. If the harrow does not level and fine the soil as it should, use the drag and roller. Have the soil as level and the surface as level as possible. In sowing use a drill or seed sower. The work can be done so much more evenly and will be more profitable than to sow broadcast. The best time to sow is the first of September, provided the soil is moist enough to produce quick germination. If not, the seeding had better be delayed longer, but by having the soil in suitable condition, advantage can be taken of the first opportunity.

If sown reasonably early on good common soil, put in first-class condition and sown with good fresh seed, one peck will be sufficient for one acre, and from that to one-half bushel for late sowing, and for soil in poor condition, red top, from three fourths to one bushel; blue grass, from one to one and a half bushels, and orchard grass from one and a half to two bushels. In all these of course something depends upon the time of sowing, quality of seed, the condition and fertility of the soil. If sown immediately before or after a rain no covering is necessary but if the work is delayed I prefer to drag a light brush over the soil so as to cover the seed as lightly as possible. Grass should obtain as good a start as possible early in the fall. The plants, when very young, are tender, and are easily killed by frost, but after they once get fairly started to grow, they become quite healthy and will withstand very hard freezing. For this reason early sowing is very desirable. When the work is undertaken it will also be found profitable to do the work thoroughly.

WEIGHT OF SHEEP.

But few farmers are aware of the heavy weights sometimes attained by the large breeds of sheep. Some of the breeds, as managed in England, exceed 300 pounds. The average weight of ten months' lamb, at Smithfield, England, in 1884, shows that the growth of those lambs from the special breeds is very rapid. The lambs of the Hampshire, and Wiltshire Downs averaged 204 pounds; cross breeds, 188 pounds; Oxfordshires, 178 pounds; Cotswolds 176 pounds; Shropshire, 153 pounds; Southdowns, 161 pounds. At the age of twenty-one months, the weights were as follows: Hampshire and Whiterhires Downs, 293 pounds; Oxford, 292 pounds; Lincoln, 283 pounds; Cotswolds, 283 pounds; cross breeds, 270 pounds; Kentish, 263 pounds; Leicesters, 244 pounds; Shropshires, 239 pounds; Southdowns, 216. Here we notice that the Southdowns fell but little below the Leicesters at twenty-one months, and exceeded them at ten months. The above showing is a creditable one for the Southdowns, and confirms their position as one of the best breeds that can be used for improvement.—Farmer and Dairyman.

FARMERS

Take Notice. The Fine Road Stallion
Ehrin Chief!
Will make the season at the Owner's Stables, Limerick Square, each day of the week, excepting Thursday, which day he will stand at the public house of N. B. Fryer, Pottstown, Pa. Ehrin Chief is a dark Chestnut, in color, 16 hands high, and for style and action cannot be beat in the State. Ehrin Chief was sired by Toronto Chief, of Canada, having a record of 2:20. Terms: \$10. I. T. MILLER.

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STOCK OF
GROCERIES!

MUSLINS,
CALICOES,
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—WOOD AND WILLOW WARE—
NAILS, FORKS, | SHOVELS,
RAKES, | HOES.
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-:- BOOTS and SHOES -:-

At bottom prices. I am thankful to the public for past favors and hope to merit continued patronage.
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Trappe, Pa.

55TH YEAR OF
Washington Hall
COLLEGEVILLE INSTITUTE

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A. RAMBO, A. M., Ph. D., Trappe, Pa.

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Solicitors of U. S. and Foreign Patents, No. 700 Seventh Street, cor. G., opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. Correspondence solicited. No charge for advice. No fee charged unless Patent is allowed. References, Lewis Johnson & Co., Bankers, and Postmaster, Washington, D. C. Pamphlet of Instructions free.

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We would call especial attention to the superb book entitled TREASURY OF SONG for the Home Circle. A collection of 300 of the purest gems selected from the whole realm of song. Costing in sheet music many times the price of the book. Here only \$2.50 or \$3.50 according to binding. Enthusiastic citizens say: "A treasury of pleasure for every home; just the book. The 'Treasury of Song,' or a nice family Bible for a holiday or birthday present. Will be pleased to give all an opportunity to examine these valuable books, or will respond promptly to any order sent to my address."

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would announce to my friends and the public, that I am now prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, at reasonable prices.
Of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.
GALVANIZED RAILINGS,
For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of

BUILDINGS, STEPS, SILLS, ETC., ETC.
All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices and estimates. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings." My motto: "RESPECTFULLY,"

D. Theo. Buckwalter.
June 8-ly.

Attention ! Horsemen !
Mambrino Hasson,

The Thoroughbred Trotting Stallion will make the season of '84 from April 1st, at the stable of the owner, at Washington Square Hotel, Montgomery county. Charges, \$50 a mare. Mares not proving with foal can be returned next season free of charge.
Mambrino Hasson was sired by Rel's Mambrino Pilot, who is the sire of Hannis Mambrino, Gift Emulous and other noted trotters, and Pilot was half brother to the noted Lady Thorn.

JOSEPH C. BEYER, Norristown P. O.
Collegeville, SHOE and HAT STORE.

New Store !
A LONG FELT WANT,
—SUPPLIED—

Boots Hats
AND AND
Shoes. CAPS.
We have just opened in the store room next to the Post office, a very good assortment of first-class

BOOTS and SHOES.
All Solid Leather.
HATS AND CAPS, WOOL AND FUR.

Our Motto: ONE PRICE and Cash.

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COLLEGEVILLE

—MILLS—

At the Collegeville
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YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND
—A FULL LINE OF—

Family Flour,
Superfine Flour,
Graham and Rye Flour.
Also, CORN and OATS, WHEAT BRAN, RYE BRAN, Wheat Middlings, Corn Chop, Mixed Chop. Always a good supply on hand. I thank the public for past favors and solicit future patronage.

S. T. S. Wagner.
A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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CARPET WEAVER,
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Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

CARPET SPECIALTY.

THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF RICHEST COLORINGS WE EVER OFFERED.
Ingrain, Carpet.....25, 31, 35, 40, 50c. Body Moquet.....\$1.50, \$1.75
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Tapestry Brussels.....75, 80, 85, 90c., \$1.00, \$1.00 Schuykill co., Prison Rag Carpet.....45, 50, 60, 75c

HEMP CARPET, MATTING and OIL CLOTHS
—IN GREAT VARIETY—
SHADES & SHADING, Newest Colors and Designs.

DRESS GOODS: Black Silk, guaranteed not to cut. Solid Colored Silk—Garnet, Green, Bronze, Blue, Brown, Plum, &c. Cloth-finish Black Cashmeres, Colored Wool Beges, Albatross, Nuns' Veilings, Broches—a general variety of New Dress Goods at prices to suit the times. Laces, Collars, Ties, Lawns, Chintzes, in fact a live stock. Call and see. The politest attention to all, at the

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A. A. YEAKLE, Cor. Main and Dekalb Sts., Norristown, Pa.,

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CHILDREN'S CLOTHING IN GREAT VARIETY.

BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON.
GOOD QUALITY, FAIR PRICES, SQUARE DEALING.
I am still at the business. I thank the public for patronage bestowed, and hope to merit a continuance of the same. Will visit Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity; as heretofore, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY. Morning of each week, with the best Beef, Veal, and Mutton. Highest cash prices paid for Calves.

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CORN PLANTER

with Phosphate attachment—a machine that is given perfect satisfaction wherever sold. Call and see it or send for descriptive circular. Also the Champion Mower, Reaper and Corn Binders, greatly improved within the last year, it is now most perfect and the highest machine. It can be seen on any day at Yost's Agricultural Store. Also all improved plows, Horse Rakes and all improved Farming Implements used. All machinery sold at lowest market prices.
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Patent Process Straight,
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BEST MANNER

Manufactured from the best wheat by the most Improved Facilities.
Quality Guaranteed. Lowest Market Prices.
Always on hand a full Stock of
CORN,
OATS,
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LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Good, clear Wheat received at all times.
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Heebner's Patent Level Tread Horse Powers !
Are much the easiest for the horses, and have the only safe and reliable Speed Regulator ever applied to horse powers.

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